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Bee Gee News September 12, 1932

Bowling Green State University

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BEE GEE NEWS

VOL. XVII.

BOWLING GREEN STATE COLLEGE, SEPTEMBER 12, 1932

No. 1

A Welcome to Faculty and Students

We stand at the threshold of a new college year—the nineteenth in the history of this institution. We have reason to be thankful for the measure of prosperity that the college has enjoyed in the past. While it may still be classed as young, it has already achieved a rank in size of physical plant and enrollment, and a recognition among other institutions to give its friends cause for rejoicing. The financial crisis through which our country is passing may temporarily check our expansion along some lines, but if we are wise and devote our thinking and energy to improving the quality of our work and to cultivating the abiding satisfactions of life, we can make this year one of great advancement to the College and to each one of us in personal growth. It is to this worthy endeavor that I invite the faculty and students, new and old, at the opening of a new academic year and extend to all a cordial welcome.

H. B. WILLIAMS, President

—BGN—

Mind Your Own Business!

This matter of education was summed up by a little girl a long time ago when she compared an educated man with one who was intelligent. Said she: "An educated man is one who thinks the thinks of others while an intelligent man makes his own thinks."

She hit the nail on the head and drove it home. We can moralize now and say that we at Bee Gee and particularly the new students of verdant hue should take heed. An educated man may be like Pope described,

"bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,

With loads of learned lumber in his head." Then again he may be intelligently self-reliant. The whole matter resolves itself around one thing fundamentally: will we mind ourselves and our own business?

That means more than a mere keeping one's nose out of other people's affairs. It means self-development. We are aware of the fact that there is no such thing as a self-made man. We who says he is such is usually speaking words that are unconventionally untrue. But whether or not one grows is entirely a personal matter. Even that is not esoteric, even though personal, for growth depends on the exchange of ideas either through conversations or through reading.

Fenelon once said, "If all the crowns of Europe were laid down at my feet in exchange for my love of reading, I would spurn them all." That is one step, the primary one perhaps, in mental growth. But

READING FOR COLLEGE MEN

Teaching of reading as a college as well as a grammar school subject was advocated recently before the Institute for Administrative Officers at the University of Chicago by Professor William S. Gray of the School of Education at the university.

Educators, according to Professor Gray, have realized within the last two decades that all college students cannot read with equal facility and comprehension, but only during the last few years have the characteristics and needs of the deficient reader been determined and the extent of his handicap in carrying college work been ascertained.

Tests given 664 freshmen at the University of Chicago disclosed that the slowest student read less than two words per second, and the most rapid read more than seven. On this basis, Professor Gray pointed out, the rapid reader could cover sixty-three pages an hour while the slower reader completed only eighteen pages. In comprehension the good readers scored more than three times as high as the poor readers when the time element was disregarded.

Photographs of eye movements of good and poor readers showed that those who scored high on the reading tests usually exhibited fluent habits of recognition and interpretation, while those who scored low usually exhibited slow, halting, confused movements characteristic of immature readers.

Deficiency of Students

"The relation between reading efficiency and academic progress is in general positive, and significant," said Professor Gray. "Many students are so deficient in reading as to be handicapped seriously in college work. Genuine improvement in both reading achievement and academic standing has been effected through the use of appropriate training and guidance."

Professor Gray outlined a program for improvement of reading habits which included determination of the efficiency of all students at the time of admission to college; guidance in general reading and study habits for all students in connection with some particular course, such as English; conference sections in a required course in which corrective training and guidance may be provided for deficient readers, and a special remedial group for those students who rank in the lower quarter of the class in intelligence or are handicapped by unusual reading deficiency.

it does not stop there. It goes on, until the "tubes are twisted and dried" and the body has been tucked away in a shroud. Education is thus "mind your own business".

Intelligentsia For Leadership

One of the great American smart-alecks, George Jean Nathan, is editing a new Magazine that will appear on the newsstands in October. It will be called the American Spectator.

According to the report which we have received, the magazine will be of the usual eccentric type which George Jean so much delights in. It will entirely ignore politics, perhaps as a protest against the inanity of the system (or lack of it) at the present time. Also, the magazine will be dated 1632, and "accept wampum for subscriptions".

Beneath all the smart-alecisms of the American Mercury tribe there seems to us to be some deep thinking. George Jean and his illustrious former side kick, Henry L. Mencken, are doing the same thing for America that Swift did for England in his "Gulliver's Travels" and Rabelais and Erasmus did for their countries in their respective works. That doesn't mean necessarily that George and Henry are as great as the three men mentioned. It does mean that they are fulfilling a need that is great.

—BGN—

Instructions to Freshmen

DON'T apologize for coming to Bowling Green. Let the rest of the college apologize for having you here. Think that over for a while.

DON'T speak to an upperclassman except in the most respectful tones. They may take the liberty of chastising you—just on general attitude.

DON'T be late to your classes. It makes a bad impression on the professors—and a good impression is *sometimes* necessary to getting a grade.

DON'T fail to have your object the attainment of grades; some of the rest of the collegians will laugh at you if they find out you want an education.

DON'T attempt to get a book from the library that you really want. Those kind are always unavailable.

DON'T read anything but what you have to. Creative reading just isn't being done.

DON'T write anything for the BEE GEE NEWS. Knock it as much as you can. Laugh at the staff. Pick the articles to pieces. Call it nit-witty. But always remember any school paper is a reflection of the school's mentality.

DON'T visit the professors. They're usually busy thinking up exam questions for the first six-week's tests.

DON'T stay home in the evenings. The upperclassmen want to get a good look at you.

DON'T miss any picture at the Cla-Zel. You're not in it if you do.

DON'T follow this advice.

BEE GEE NEWS

Published Every Tuesday
—By The—
STUDENTS AND FACULTY
—Of—
BOWLING GREEN STATE COLLEGE

William Noble.....Editor-in-Chief
Prof. G. W. Beattie.....Faculty Adviser

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BUSINESS MANAGER BEE GEE NEWS
Bowling Green, Ohio
In Care of B. G. S. C.

Editorial

We mount our editorial stool to make our bow to the students again. Welcome, Freshmen, to the fold. And welcome, old students, back again. You'll notice we have been busy around the college this summer. You would never have known, had you been here, that there was a depression. (No one is noticing it now but the professors with their handsome pay cut.) The new chimney bears a name on it; and now we resemble a knowledge foundry more than ever. We've got a new rock garden behind the Science building. It's a beauty. We've got a new ceiling or so in the Arts building. And the name on the Ad building is being changed. We suspect you hardly know the place.

- : - : -

From all the news we can glean from the inner sanctum, the chapel idea is still going strong just as it did when school was dismissed last spring. We sit on the edge of the stool wondering what sort of arrangement they'll have for chapel speakers. Here's hoping we get some more of the A variety and less of the D-type. Draw your own conclusions.

- : - : -

Last year it was our policy to print all articles that were turned into the NEWS. We change that somewhat and say that none will be printed unless it meets a high standard. So if you have an idea, dress it up nice and turn it in. Our refusal will be polite.

—BGN—

Rules and Regulations

It is always the policy of a college paper to be as Pollyanna-like as it possible can be. Therefore, since we don't want to be heretical, we will compliment the inmates of the dormitories on their fortunate choice of a place of abode. Congratulations!

The college sees to it that none of the girls on or off the campus lose any of their pristine innocence while they are here. Likewise the fellows. The fellows only have to take care not to be caught, while the girls never fail being ushered before the powers that be.

The rules and regulations of this budding university are such that life all thru the year is just one big game. Now you see me, now you don't. The authorities play tag with the students.

So naturally, the students play tag with the authorities—and the professors. They see how much they can cheat and bluff in

An effort to get a grade or two. Turn about is fair play, so it seems. And an eye always did go for an eye; also a tooth for a tooth.

So have a good time, boys and girls. Especially you in the dorms. Meanwhile you fellows raise your voices in praise and thanksgiving that you can do as you please.

—BGN—

Why We Don't Behave Like Human Beings

This curious title, reminiscent of the late George Dorsey, appears in the American Mercury for September. The author of the article, Ralph Adams Cram, states that the evolutionary principle of the popular imagination, the "Excelsior" idea, is pernicious. "It has done as much harm as the religious and social doctrines of Dr. Calvin and Rousseau."

Our standards, the author holds, are derived from the great men of the past, Plato, Socrates, Aristotle, Erasmus, Rabelais, Montaigne, et altera. We are prone to measure ourselves and our associates by them. But the whole thing, he declares is wrong. There is no such thing as the evolution (upward) of the human mind. There were just as good minds four thousand years ago, in the days of Akhnaton of Egypt as there are today in the bodies of Einstein and Eddington.

An interesting analogy is given. The author says he stood by the crater of a volcano and saw the viscous mass move slowly. There was a great mass of it. But here and there a little spray of the viscous mass would spurt into the air a few feet and reflect the rays of the sun in a brilliant manner.

We humans are like that, he says. The great mass of us move sluggishly along and are all about the same since the days of Homo Sapiens and his wife. But here and there all through the long history of man there are those who rise above the mass and scintillate in the sunlight of the higher altitudes. Such men were those we mentioned above, the outstanding names of the past.

Our standards, then, are high. But they are, we deduce no higher than they ought to be. We can all attempt to be somewhat better than the brute from whence we sprang even if it is beyond most of our reaches. But if this be true, it helps us a lot in understanding the actions of the mass of people along with the Prohibitionists, Republicans, Democrats, and a host of others.

—BGN—

Par Excellence

Mrs. Talklot (at musicale): "Oh, Mrs. Goseppe, I had so much to say to you, and now the pianist is through."

Mrs. Goseppe: "I'm just dying to hear it. Let's encore him."

—BGN—

Not New

Salesman: "Have you seen the latest fountain pen? It is absolutely impossible for ink to escape from it anywhere."

Business Man: "Huh! I've tried to write with that kind for years."

Announcements

The State College of Bowling Green is inaugurating steps to introduce new students to the college. The plan gives the students time to consider their courses, learn how to use the library, meet students and faculty, so as to feel at home.

PROGRAM

—For—

The Introduction of New Students

—To—

BOWLING GREEN STATE COLLEGE

September 12 to 17, 1932

September 12, Monday

8 a. m. Registration of freshman and new students. Auditorium, Administration Building.

1 p. m. Registration continued.

8:00 p. m. President and Faculty Reception to all new students. Physical Education Building. Present Coupon A.

September 13, Tuesday

10:00 a. m. Meeting of all new students. Auditorium. Administration Building. Present Coupon B.

1-3 p. m. Meeting of all women. Auditorium, Administration Building. Present Coupon C.

1-3 p. m. Meeting of all men. Room 400, Science Building. Present Coupon C.

7:30 p. m. Rally. College Campus.

September 14, Wednesday

8-12 a. m. Inspection of campus and college buildings. New students will be assigned to small groups under the guidance of old students. Meet in front of Science Building.

1-5 p. m. Instruction on use of library. Main Reading Room, Library. Present Coupon D.

8 p. m. Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A. Mixer. Physical Education Building. Present Coupon No. 1.

September 15, Thursday

8:00 a. m. Recitations begin.

September 17, Saturday

9:00 a. m. Entrance Examinations. Auditorium, Administration Building.

All new students are required to attend all of the Introductory Exercises. No one will be excused except on account of illness.

—BGN—

"What are you doing, dear?" asked a mother of her little daughter, who was making scrawls and scratches on a piece of paper.

"I'm writing a letter to Betty."

"But, my dear, you don't know how to write."

"Oh, that doesn't matter. Betty doesn't know how to read, either."

—BGN—

"Keep your eye on the Chevrolet," says one ad. "Keep both eyes on the Ford," says another. "Keep your eyes on the Studebaker," says still another. G. W. E. tried to follow this advice crossing Main Street yesterday and was hit by a Buick, not having any eyes left to keep on it.—*Buffalo News.*

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You'll find the crowd at

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SHOP**

Headquarters for students —
Ladies' Bobbing and Shampooing a specialty.

All Soft Water

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Is a Revolution Impending?

A CONVERSATION

"That's a good question, John. Things do look pretty darned dark at the present time with all these newspaper reports of bonus armies and farmers' strikes and a dozen other things. Do you think there is one impending?"

"Without a doubt, I do. The reason, however, I believe to be not the present discontent and unrest, but something more fundamental than that. I mean the growing amount of talk and questioning concerning the basis of our civilization. Revolutions of the past have always been the outgrowth of that. The French Revolution was such; also the American."

"What can we do about it?"

"Act. The revolution of the future should be one unlike the French or American. It should be one of intelligence."

"But that would be hardly a revolution, would it?"

"It certainly would. What we need to do at the present is, as has been pointed out, follow the example of John D. Rockefeller Jr. in his disinterested dealing with the Prohibition question. That same could be done with the industrial situation. There is no use changing the owners of the industries from the capitalist to the soviet. That would merely make a nominal revolution. What is necessary is a change in the person who benefits from the industries and government."

"But how can that be done?"

"By cooperation between the social and economic philosophers and the industrial leaders themselves. Those latter are disinterested on the whole, and know their business."

"But that means that the industrial leaders will have to do away with their own system!"

"Exactly. And that requires disinterestedness. It is the only alternative to war and bloodshed such as the nations of the past, ours included have experienced. But it means also a new economic order minus the gross injustices of the present one. And those gross injustices must be done away with sooner or later."

"Then that means that intelligence will be the salvation of the future."

"Precisely. We have tried everything else, and it seems queer that we have never tried that. Monarchy, democracy, communism, what-not—all have failed and fallen short of the ideal for which they have worked."

"Then that also means that from the colleges there will come the means of re-making the social order."

"Not entirely. It does mean that it will come from intelligent people. If they are produced in the colleges, that is where they will come from. But it is bound to come."

"It seems to me that a revolution of that type is the only one that will last. It will mean constant inquiry rather than working to save and maintain an established order. It will come closer to Utopia than anything ever has done in the past."

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We Welcome You

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—For—

FOUNTAIN PENS

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—And—

ALL SCHOOL SUPPLIES

DORMAN'S LUNCH*Welcomes You to B. G.***A GOOD PLACE TO EAT
AT ANY TIME****SHORTY DOHM****CUT RATES**HAIR CUTS.....25c
SHAVE.....15cOpen Early and Late
143 West Wooster St.**WELCOME
FRESHMEN****TAKE A TIP**From upper classmen and
save at Wood's quality col-
lege supplies.**Regular Lunches and
Fountain Service****WOOD'S COLLEGE
STORE****CAMPUS STORE***"Student Hang Out Exclusive"***S O S DINING ROOM****WELCOME STUDENTS***Satisfying You Means
Success to us*

S. O. Stevenson

Don Stevenson

530 East Court St.

Smiles*Bilingual Domestic Scene**"Hitler lover Papen?"*

Answer (emphatically): "Nein".

—Selected.

—BGN—

The New Olympiad

Just a couple weeks ago the Los Angeles Olympiad was finished. Everyone (nearly) followed the sports with interest of varying degrees as a welcome release from much talk about the depression.

But there is about to start (it has started) a different sort of Olympiad—the gab-festival which is commonly called a political campaign. It seems that in this sport there is little sportsmanship and no rules, except that the costs of campaigning are kept darkly secret. The prize is the pie in the political office. Great stuff.

—BGN—

A New Book

A new book is forthcoming this month by the famous and stimulating Hendrick Willem Van Loon which is called "Van Loon's Geography". Having seen a preview of the book, we can say that it appears to be an elementary but unique interpretation of the world we live in.

The author starts the book in an interesting fashion. All humans since Homo Sapiens could be thrown into the Colorado and no sign of them would be left in 100 years save a mound and some vegetation. That seems like the height of pessimism (or depth) but at least it is wholesome as an antiseptic against some of our Pollyana ideas of human worth.

—BGN—

Little in a Name

The assertion has been made that a Literary Digest poll of the Roosevelts in the country would show a landslide for Mr. Hoover. Such a result would not be extraordinary. A Literary Digest poll of all the Smiths in the country would probably show a great majority for Governor Roosevelt over Al. A Literary Digest poll of all the Republican Progressive Senators in the country would probably show an impressive majority making trouble for the Republicans.—"By Products."

—BGN—

That Document Again

The police power embodied in the Eighteenth Amendment, says Mr. Shouse, never belonged in the Constitution and should be eliminated. This is a good, strong plea, but by no means an unanswerable one. When you come to think of it, there are so many things in the Constitution that, in the opinion of its authors, never belonged there.

There is in the Constitution a system of electing Presidents and Senators that never belonged there; a system of voting rights—Negroes and women—that never belonged there; and, in general, a spirit of democracy that, according to many of our best modern authorities, would never be in the Constitution if the tough old birds who wrote it had continued to have their way.—"By Products."

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REGULAR MEALS**SALADS SANDWICHES***Buy meal tickets and save money***Smart New Fall****SWEATERS**

All new bright shades

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serves perfect carbonated and
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J. A. Plotner

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CALIFORNIA BARBER**AND****BEAUTY SHOP****EXPERT OPERATORS**

141 West Wooster St.



Even the "Prof" Can Learn!

Astounded! Familiar as he is with the theories of economics, the dear old "Prof" is hardly prepared for this. These bright Co-eds have gone him one better by practicing what he preached. And he's marveling that the prices they've whispered could possibly have bought their enchanting, fashion-wise frocks.

Grouped at \$4.98

J. C. PENNEY
Company, Inc.

"You deal in antiques. Have you any Louis XV?"

"Yes, madam, we have a great deal."

"Well, I have a room completely furnished in Louis XV, and I want a real Louis XV, vacuum cleaner."

—BGN—

She (on a diet to reduce, speaking to her husband)—Here I sit gorging myself, and you haven't the will power to make me stop.

—BGN—

"Sorry you are going. The place will seem quite empty without you," said the host to the stout guest as he departed.—Christian Science Monitor.

—BGN—

The student reporter had just submitted his editorial for the day to the editor. Leaving the editorial room, he began to reflect upon what he had written and decided to go back to change something in it.

"I have a few corrections to make on the editorial that I submitted," he told the editor.

The editor reached into the waste-basket and pulled out editorial.

"All right, but make it snappy; the wastebaskets will be emptied in five minutes."—Kansas City Star.

REEDS

("They put . . . a reed in His right hand."
—Matthew, xxvii, 29.)

Whether soft airs stir lightly
Or angered winds be harsh,
The living reeds lean sprightly
Along the marsh.

Who has not seen them lifting
Their shining assegais
Under the free and drifting
Foam of the skies?

Once for a King impassioned
With truth, yet sore betrayed,
There was a scepter fashioned
From such a blade.

Clifford J. Laube

—BGN—

FIREFLIES

I watch the fireflies that flicker through
Their golden rhythms in the purple dark,
Beholding what stupendous miracle
With every blazing of each tiny spark!

I see His hand which holds the selfsame
torch

That set the ageless suns and stars alight
Reach down through dark immeasurable
voids

To kindle frail, small lanterns of a night.

Adelaide Love

—BGN—

Not Ours

A laundry in South Kensington is circularizing householders with the following message of good cheer: "We cut your laundry in half."—London Star.

—BGN—

WE OWN AND OPERATE
THE ONLY DRY CLEAN-
ING PLANT IN BOWLING
GREEN.

**SANITARY DRY
CLEANERS**

139 E. Wooster St.

Phone 28

THREE PUTTS, NEGRO'S METHOD OF LIFTING THE DEPRESSION

Thomas S. Shope, editor of The North Georgia Citizen, a clever weekly newspaper, enjoys getting out and interviewing the mountain folk who come down to do their trading in Dalton. The other day he found an old Negro down for his weekly purchases of coffee and tobacco, and asked him what he thought about the depression.

"Depression ain' nothin' but a go'f game, Marse Shope," the Negro replied. "All it takes to overcome it is three putts. Putt yer faith in Gawd, putt yer Ford in de garage and putt yer women in de fields."

—Selected.

EVERYTHING
FOR
THE
FAMILY,
FARM
AND
HOME

**MONTGOMERY
WARD & CO.**

Simple Scheme

"Do you know," said Professor Brown to his bosom friend, "I cannot understand how people forget the ages of their children. I have no trouble. For example, I was born twenty-three hundred years after Socrates; my wife eighteen hundred years after the death of Tiberius Caesar; my son, John, two thousand years after Tiberius Sempronius Gracchus was chosen tribune of the people; and our daughter Amanda, fifteen hundred years after the beginning of the Folk Wandering. It is perfectly simple, you see!"

—BGN—

Entirely Possible

William Allen White, the Kansas editor, was talking about droughts.

"One summer, during a terrible drought" he said, "a tourist was passing through Arizona. He put up one night in a town so dried up that even the trees had yellowed and withered.

"Does it never rain here?" the tourist said to the landlord of the hot, dusty hole."

"Rain?" said the landlord. "Why, stranger, there's five-year-old bullfrogs in this here town wot ain't never learned to swim yet."—The Presbyterian Advance.

—BGN—

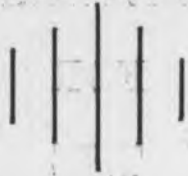
The colonel's wife sent the following note to Captain Green:

"Colonel and Mrs. Brown request the pleasure of Captain Green's company to dinner on the twentieth."

Captain Green's reply gave her a shock. It reads as follows:

"With the exception of four men on leave and two men sick, Captain Green's company have great pleasure in accepting your invitation."—Richmond Christian Advocate.

Welcome Students



Headquarters
for

Approved Athletic
Garments for Men
and Women.



A. Droney & Co.
22-26 SOUTH MAIN ST.

PLAY A GAME OF GOLF
at

KELLER'S

10c; 3 games 25c S. Main St.

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RESTAURANT**

WELCOMES YOU

128 W. Wooster St.

WELCOME STUDENTS TO BOWLING GREEN

YOUR BANKING BUSINESS IS CORDIALLY
INVITED AT THIS STRONG BANK

THE BANK OF WOOD COUNTY

CAPITAL
\$200,000.00

SURPLUS
\$100,000.00

UNDIVIDED PROFITS
\$12,873.33

THE SEA

This wild, terrible beauty shall leave no
pattern—

No pattern upon the sand
When the last bright flash of jeweled foam
is spended
Like a coin within the hand.

This dark and emerald music rising and
falling,

Crashing, note upon note,
Shall leave no echo of its cold, clear sing-
ing
For Time's deep throat.

Let us linger long and passionately on this
shore

Where the breakers fall,
Knowing there will be left no fragment of
its pattern:

Knowing this is all.

—Daniel Whitehead Hicky.

—BGN—

Thoughtful Editor

"I really think my poem should be pub-
lished in your paper."

"Why so?"

"My dear friend, we have a number of
other old subscribers. Their feelings must
be considered."—Christian Science Monitor.

—BGN—

Two for a Nickel

It was in a country store back of Coving-
ton.

A one-gallus customer drifted in.

"Gimme a nickel's worth of asafoetida."

The clerk poured some asafoetida in a
paper bag and pushed it across the counter.

"Charge it," drawled the customer.

"What your name?" asked the clerk.

"Honeyfunkel."

"Take it," said the clerk. "I wouldn't
write asafoetida and Honeyfunkel for five
cents."

—BGN—

"How much are eggs?"

"Fifty cents a dozen, thirty cents a dozen
for cracked ones."

"Good. Crack me a dozen."

SPLENDID RESTAURANT

163 N. Main St.

STUDENT PLATE LUNCH,
SANDWICHES, SALADS,
ICE CREAM SODAS

The Home of Pure Foods

Hello Students

Come to

CAP LAKE'S
BARBER SHOP

For a

Shampoo - Hair Cut - Shave

South Main St.

JESSE J. CURRY

Optometrist and Mfg. Optician

EYES TESTED — GLASSES
FITTED

Fair Prices and Satisfactory Service
Our Motto

MEN!

Athletic Outfits, Freshmen Caps,
Gym Shoes.

THRIFT DRY CLEANERS

115 E. Court St.

That's the Question

"What are the town fathers debating?"

"Whether to keep up the good roads and
fine the motorists for speeding, or main-
tain a mudhole and charge them for hauling
'em out."—Monitor.

—BGN—

Unsolicited

A corn syrup manufacturing company re-
ceived the following letter:

"Dear Sirs: I have ate three cans of your
corn syrup and it has not helped my corns
cne bit."—Farm and Home.

—BGN—

Rapid Recovery

Los Angeles: Bessie Schlacker, artist, to-
day was completely recovered from an
automobile accident in which she lost an
arm and a leg. She amazed witnesses by
walking to a hospital for threatment after
the crash. The limbs were artificial.—
Worcester (Mass.) Gazette.